The United Church Choirs of Rock Springs in

CONCERT

W. LEO HOVORKA
Conductor

A CONTRIBUTION TO
NATIONAL MUSIC WEEK

Mrs. P. C. Nicolaysen, Casper, President Wyoming Federation of Music Clubs
Mrs. Johnson, Sheridan, State Chairman of Music Week
Mrs. W. D. Thompson
District Chairman

SOLOISTS
Martha Samuels Buston, *Soprano*
LeRoy Johnson, *Baritone*
Donald Miller, *Violinist*

Mrs. Virginia Kershisnik, *Accompanist*

AT OLD TIMERS' BUILDING
Sunday Evening, May 1, 1932, 8:00 o'Clock

PROGRAM

1. "God of Our Fathers" - - - - - - - - (Kipling-Gower)
   Chorus

2. Prayer - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rev. O. P. Avery

3. "Unfold Ye Portals" - - - - - - - - - - - - (Gounod)
   Chorus and Orchestra

4. Meditation (Thais) - - - - - - - - - - - - (Massanet)
   Donald Miller

5. "The Pauper's Drive" - - - - - - - - - - - - (Homer)
   LeRoy Johnson

6. (a) "Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes" - - Old English Air
   (b) "Carmena" - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - (Wilson)

7. "The Lost Chord" - - - - - - - - - - - - (Sullivan)
   Chorus and Orchestra

8. Address - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Rev. John R. George

9. Easter Song—"Hosanna" - - - - - - - - (J. Granier)
   Martha Samuels Buston

10. (a) "There's a Long, Long Trail" - - - - (King-Elliott)
    (Arr. by W. Leo Hovorka)

    (b) "Golden Crown," (Negro Spiritual) - - - (Graves)
    DOUBLE MIXED QUARTETTE
    (Mrs. C. L. Agnew, Mrs. Roy Connor, Mrs. Art Henkell,
    Miss Matilda Egger; Dr. Doyle Joslin, Ted Jacobs,
    Clarence Seeburg, George Samuels)

11. "Hallelujah," (Messiah) - - - - - - - - - (Handel)
    Chorus and Orchestra

12. Benediction - - - - - - - - - Rev. Herald C. Swezy

Words of Songs on Program

GOD OF OUR FATHERS

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-lines,
Beneath whose awful hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine;
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget.

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart;
Lord God of Hosts be with us yet
Lest we forget.

Far flung our navies melt away,
On dune and headland sinks the fire;
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Ninevah and Tyre!
Judge of the nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget.

UNFOLD YE PORTALS

Unfold ye portals everlasting
With welcome to receive Him ascending on high!
Behold the King of Glory
He mounts up to the sky,
Back to the heavenly mansions hasting.
Unfold, for lo, the King comes nigh.
But who is He, the King of Glory?
He who death overcame, the Lord in battle mighty.
But who is He, the King of Glory?
Of hosts He is the Lord;
Of angels and of powers:
The King of Glory is the King of the saints.
Unfold, ye portals everlasting, (as above).

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot
To the church-yard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs;
And hark to the dirge which the sad driver sings:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

O where are the mourners? Alas there are none—
He has left not a gap in the world, now he's gone—
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman or man;
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can:
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

What jolting and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks! and the wheels, how they spin!
How the dirt, right and left, o'er the hedges is hurled!—
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns!

You Bumpkins! who stare at your brother conveyed,
Behold what respect to a cloddy is paid!
And be joyful to think, when by death you're laid low,
You've a chance to the grave like a gemman to go!
Rattle his bones over the stones!
He's only a pauper whom nobody owns!

But a truce to this strain; for my soul it is sad,
To think that a heart in humanity clad
Should make, like the brutes, such a desolate end,
And depart from the light without leaving a friend!
Bear soft his bones over the stones!
Though a pauper, he's one whom his Maker yet owns!

DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES.

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine:
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine.
But might I of love's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath
Not so much hon'ring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me.
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

CARMENA

Dance and song make glad the night,
Hark the castanets are sounding light.
Come, ah! come—Love I watch the scene so bright.
Ah! now rings a voice I know
From ev'ry voice apart.
Through the orange grove he hastens,
He is coming, Oh! my heart.
Ah! mid the throng, many are fair.
Bright eyes sparkle and gleam,
Soft lips breathe tender sighs
Shall I fairest seem in his eyes?
Dark eyes sparkle and gleam,
Soft lips breathe tender sighs
Shall I fairest seem in his eyes?

Hark, now rings the music
While the silver moonbeams shine
In the dance, love, and forever
I am thine, only thine.

THE LOST CHORD

Seated one day at the organ
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the noisy keys.
I knew not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then;
But I struck one chord of music
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm;
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm;
It quieted pain and sorrow
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo
From our discordant life;
It link'd all perplexed meanings
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence,
As though it were loath to cease.

I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord divine,
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine——
It may be that Death's bright angel
Will speak in that chord again,
It may be that only in Heaven
It shall hear that grand AMEN.

EASTER SONG (HOSANNA)

A man has died, His promise liveth;
People of Christ, His life He giveth!
He will appear! Raise up your eyes!
Bright Seraphim, deck in glory the skies!
In the limitless spaces
Which the dawn's beauty traces,
Hosts rejoice in the Lord;
Christ the Saviour adored!

Lord, Thy love illumines me
With celestial ecstasy!
Thou I see! O King divine!
Hosanna, Hosanna, Hail to Thee!

Night veils the day, deep in slumber pall;
Thou Son of God, Aurora's light o'er all;
Lo, now the sun drives back the night!

Nature in awe, is prostrate at the sight!
With bright myriads attending,
Of angel legions bending,
See the Saviour advance,
Love's glory in His glance!
Lord Thy love illumines me (as above).

THERE'S A LONG, LONG TRAIL

Nights are growing very lonely,
Days are very long,
I'm a growing weary only
List'ning for your song.
Old remembrances are thronging
Through my memory.
Till it seems the world is full of dreams
Just to call you back to me.

There's a long, long trail a winding
Into the land of my dreams;
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.
There's a long long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true;
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

All night long I hear you calling
Calling sweet and low.
Seem to hear your footsteps falling
Ev'ry where I go.
Tho' the road between us stretches
Many a weary mile,
I forget that you're not with me yet
When I think I see you smile.
There's a long, long trail a winding (as above).

GOLDEN CROWN

Golden Crown, that Golden Crown That waits fo' me, yes waits fo' me.
Ah nevah harm'd ma brother, Be'n kind to ma mother,
Said ma pray're ev'ry night to Gawd, ma Father.
I work an' pray, an' dream all day of ma Golden Crown what
waits fo' me.

For all day long I dream an' sing an' pray fo' the day
When I shall join that throng in Heab'n above, an' win ma Golden Crown.
Golden Crown, ma Golden Crown, it waits fo' me, ma own, ma
Golden Crown.

HALLELUJAH

HALLELUJAH! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth.
The Kingdom of this world is become the Kingdom
Of our Lord, and of His Christ; and He shall
Reign forever and ever.
King of Kings and Lord of Lords, Hallelujah!
(Revelation XIX:6; XI:15; XIX:15)

Personnel of United Choirs

Sopranos—
Agnew, Mrs. C. L.
Bell, Edna
Buston, Martha Samuels
Connor, Mrs. Roy
Davis, Mrs. James
Demshar, Frances
Demshar, Mary
Hesketh, Mrs. A.
Hovi, Mrs. A.
Huling, Isabelle
Jones, Mrs. D.
Mininck, Mrs. L. D.
Murphy, Mrs. Robert
McGregor, Mrs. J.
Perkins, Mrs. E. H.
Raey, Mrs. Sept
Roessler, Miss Emma
Rogers, Mrs. W. H.
Samuels, Mrs. Will
Simerl, Georgia
Smith, Mrs. C.
Spani, Mrs. D. D.
Stein, Mrs. Allen
Tatlock, Mrs. C. K.
Wood, Mrs. W. E.

Tenors—
Crofts, Charles
Crofts, Harry
Dye, Frank M.
Duntsch, Harry C.
Endrizzi, Joe
Jacobs, Ted
Jones, Charles
Joslin, Dr. Doyle
Kershisnik, Max
Orvel, Richard
Remitz, John E.
Retford, John
Rogers, Sam
Rogers, W. H.
Sharp, William
Taucher, Louis
Winchell, Karl

Altos—
Asson, Josephine
Baldridge, Mrs. E. T.
Bell, Ada
Davis, Elizabeth
Demshar, Anne
Egger, Matilda
Edwards, Mrs. W.
George, Mrs. John R.
Henkell, Mrs. Art
Jackson, Mrs. Alfred
Jackson, Gladys
Jackson, Mrs. Alfred
Maroney, Mrs. Ed.
Morton, Mary
Mills, Mrs. Fay
Mrak, Mrs. Frank
McCurtain, Mrs. A. L.
Powell, Mrs. D.
Retford, Miss Anne
Teagarden, Charlotte
Wilson, Elizabeth
Venta, Mrs. Lucille

Basses—
Abraham, John
Duffy, John S.
Hovorka, L. P.
Johnson, LeRoy
McLeod, Jack
Mitchell, George
Mrak, F. R.
Samuels, George
Samuels, William
Schofield, Thomas
Schwarz, Carl
Shuster, Joseph
Seeburg, Clarence
Tatlock, C. K.
Walker, John

Orchestra Personnel

First Violins—
Donald Miller
Adolphus Roncaglio
Leno Ceretto

Second Violins—
Sam Morrison
James Sartoris
Frank Plemel
Toivo Kennonen

Cellos—
Dr. T. H. Roe
Mrs. T. H. Roe
Stanley Hovorka

Bass—
Steve Oreste

Clarinets—
Walter Oja
John Constantino

Trombones—
John Prentice
John Kovach
Rudolph Carlson

Trumpets—
Glen Lauder
Julius Laursen

Horns—
Ilo Loya
William Sorbie

Saxophones—
Ronald Miller, baritone
Jack Smith, alto

Piano—
Mrs. Virginia Kershisnik

Acknowledgments

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My sincere appreciation and gratitude to the soloists, members of the choir and orchestra and to those who so loyally co-operated in making this concert possible.—W. LEO. HOVORKA.

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